

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



ALUMNI
NUMBER

VOL. LIII

FEBRUARY, 1934

No. 4

H. D. BRIDGMAN '33

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VOL. LIII

FEBRUARY

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1934

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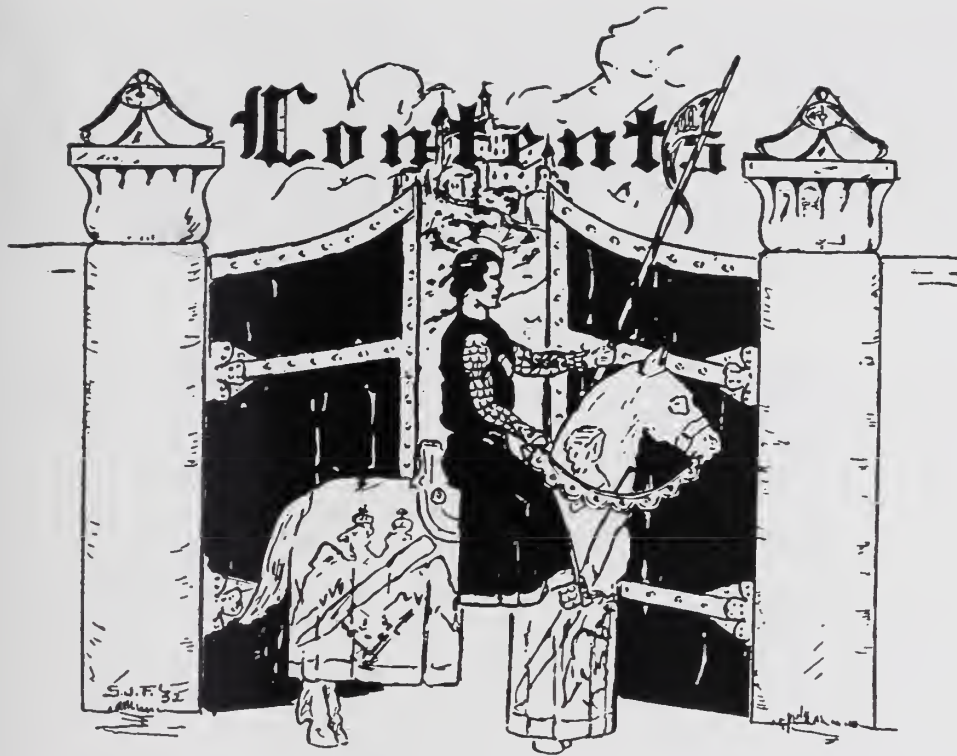
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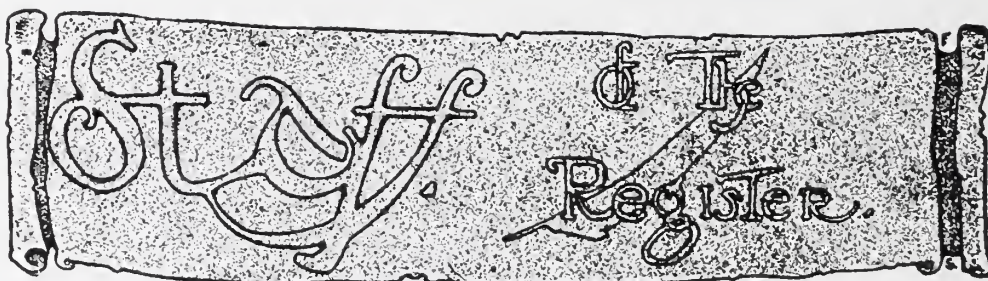
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CONCERNING ALUMNI NUMBERS

It has been the custom, for many years now, to devote one issue of the REGISTER to matters dealing with alumni. Notice, please, the phrasing: "to matters dealing with alumni"; not, "to devote to alumni." The latter expression would justify the many complaints announcement of Alumni numbers has caused to arise in the past. For a magazine composed entirely of articles by "old grads" is by no means the most readable of literature.

An "Alumni Number" should, if properly handled, be just as interesting, if not more so, to the students of the school, who buy the magazine, as to the alumni, most of whom see it only if they have sons attending the school. For graduates have more than their preparatory school to look back upon; they have their college, with all its accompanying memories. But those who are in the school have still a vital interest in it, an interest that should include the desire to know more of its history and its traditions.

And it is for that purpose an Alumni Issue should serve. It should be the means of bridging the long span of years between the school as it was and the school as it is; and, by enabling present-day pupils to gaze upon that school of long ago and to learn of and absorb the spirit of it, it should be the agency for propagating the reverence for Latin School traditions (a reverence that every true Latin School boy should and must have) one more generation.

S. I. A.

THE LADY WITH THE WREATH

In the lower hall of this school there sits a noble woman — worthy of being respected and revered by all who have passed within her shadow. She is clad in a toga, the emblem of simplicity; and by her side she has two shields bearing the names of gallant sons that have fallen on the battlefield. In her outstretched hand she offers a wreath, the symbol of victory from time immemorial.

But her charges soon pass beyond her ken and forget the debt of gratitude they owe to this silent inculcator of the School's ideals. In almost every case, it is the college Alma Mater who is eulogized by her foster-sons. It would be more appropriate, however, for the Alumni to bestow some share of their praises on the less assuming, but more important representative of this school—the lady with the wreath.

This respect has long been due to our Alma Mater; for, as has often been stated, the education of the secondary school exerts a profound influence upon the pupil in later life. It would be immaterial to conjecture whether this is because the student receives his most lasting impressions in his youth, or because the foundations of his education are strengthened and increased at this period in his life. At any rate, the fact remains that the toga-clad lady is of great importance because of what she signifies, and thus is worthy of being cherished in the memory of her foster-sons.

Alumni, of the future and the present, do not forget the Lady with the Wreath.

L. F. Ebb, '35.

"YE SENIOR HOPPE"

There looms on the horizon the major sporting event of the year, the Senior Prom, to be held at Longwood Towers on February 22. Four bright boys—Larkin, Hannigan, Shapiro, and Kelley—have created a novel way of commemorating "Honest George's" Birthday, by presenting, for the approval of the school, "Ye Senior Promenade" at said castle. Come, all ye knights, with good, bad, and indifferent feet! Beg, borrow, or steal a "tux," and sally forth to do, die, or dance!

LATIN SCHOOL'S PEN

Dana A. Schmittkind, '35

Our school is noted chiefly for a brilliant record in the field of classical study. However, its long path of scholastic success has been paralleled by participation in literary activities in our own tongue.

In 1829, over a century ago, a pioneer attempt to produce a paper resulted in the appearance of a small leaflet which met with indifferent success. "The Literary Journal," as its name implies, was devoted entirely to stories and poems of a ponderous type. For some unknown reason, it was discontinued after a short life of fourteen issues. Sixteen years later, a second paper was established, only to be abandoned within a few months. It was shortly resumed again, this time under a new name. Credit for the first serious attempt, however, must be given to the editors of the "Satchel." This periodical, begun in 1866, is directly responsible for the inspiration which afterwards resulted in the birth of our present journal.

In 1881, a group of boys printed a four-page sheet, which was designed "to benefit and amuse the students." It was appropriately entitled the REGISTER, since it was the policy of the editors to register all events connected in any way with the school. Little did the editors at the time realize that this shabby, modest periodical of theirs, begun in so unobtrusive a manner, would become an established institution. Eight different papers had previously been born, only to die an immature death. The REGISTER alone had the spark to survive!

During the first five years it steadily improved from an unpretentious leaflet to a sizeable magazine. In 1886 a cover was adopted, showing a large

angel against a background of darkness. Jackson, the editor-in-chief, in a rather whimsical editorial, stated that the angel on the cover signified "the presiding genius of Latin School; the inky darkness from which the angel emerges, depicts the ignorance preceding entrance to the school. Next, a row of coins which, the manager hopes, will be a constant reminder to the delinquent subscriber." Jackson instituted the custom of writing a story that was run serially during the course of the year. For many succeeding years it was the duty of each new editor-in-chief to continue this system. Only recently has this practice been abandoned.

For the first decade or so, the typical issue of the REGISTER contained a hair-raising serial coupled with a shorter story of the melodramatic variety; one or two jokes poking fun at the students and teachers alike; a paragraph, here and there, observing that some guilty boy had eaten his lunch during the Latin period; a lengthy account of a football match; a long column of militray notes; and several pages devoted to the advertising of derbies and carriages and stiff collars. One ambitious youngster wrote an epic poem on ancient Greece. The editors, in the next issue, came forth with a statement that Mr. Sô and So was too up-to-date. "He had the Grecian ladies riding on bicycles."

In 1896 the paper made some radical innovations. A page of athletic notes was introduced, dealing mostly with the golf and tennis teams and the crew, which rowed on the Charles. An attempt to keep a diary of school notes was made. This department has continued practically up to the present.

At that time the paucity of contributions was a source of endless worry. Method after method was tried in a desperate endeavor to interest the lazy pupils who had the ability to write, but the inclination to read some one else's work. Room reporters were appointed to be on the look-out for promising material. The REGISTER was only half a dollar per year. The editors were steeped in financial difficulties. For a while everything looked black. Cheaper paper and fewer pages were adopted. Finally, even the cover was dropped. In 1900, however, an elaborate volume was printed. Notes on the recently established debating and banjo clubs were enthusiastically written. Class II editors were chosen for the first time. Chess was evidently a favorite sport of the day, for a bold-faced type carried announcements, from time to time, about numerous chess tournaments.

It seemed at this stage of the paper's evolution, that although the financial troubles of the editors were temporarily at an end, the difficulty of obtaining contributions still remained. At length, the editors offered a money prize to the best story or poem submitted by an undergraduate. It was an attractive proposal, and it produced results. Although jokes had incidentally appeared up to this time, an organized Humor column was instituted. At this time the editors decided that as long as the students were continually grumbling against certain features and policies of the school, they might as well have some outlet for their perversities. Hence a so-called "Kickers' Column" was started. All invectives were anonymously published in this column.

The undergraduates had, for a long time, been complaining that the school

needed a mascot, or an emblem. To satisfy this desire, the editors of 1901 introduced a row of ferocious-looking bulldogs — decorating not only the frontispiece of the issue, but also the margin of every page from top to bottom, until it became obnoxious. This, of course, was only a joke at the expense of the boys who seriously wanted a mascot.

The issues of that year were amusing in more ways than one. One of the features was a monthly letter, in ridiculous pigeon-English, written by someone who called himself "Sammy Green." This laughable epistle contained Sammy's views on each issue of the REGISTER, his criticisms, and his confessions. "Sammy Green" died with the graduation of his class. But the next class, not to be outdone, created a successor to the famous character. This new creation was called "Hans White." One month Hans wrote to the editors a suggestion that each boy should be provided with a cake of soap. "I express a wish that soap be provided," he writes, "since it would promote a greater exhibition of interest in recitations. How often have I seen a boy who knew an answer perfectly well refrain from raising his hand in response to a question, aware that his hands were not presentable."

In 1912, just as in 1902, the REGISTER underwent an entire house-cleaning. This year marked the beginning of notes on the school's activities. The serial-story custom was dropped. Monthly short one-page stories, or storiettes, were instituted. "Between the Bells," a humor department, was introduced. An Alumni column was started in earnest. The editors received numerous requests to resume an Exchange column which had been printed in bygone days. This Exchange

column carried criticisms and discussions of all the Boston school papers. It had been abandoned because it was thought boring to the average reader.

Numerous requests for an Alumni issue were finally recognized six years later. The year 1913 marks the first appearance of such a number. It is curious to note how the menace of an approaching war gradually seeped into the articles and the stories and the poems of the paper during the next few years. Distant reports of a raging fight suggested war stories and jokes about "those Huns." When America finally entered the war, the paper was worked up to a pitch of frenzy. It was devoted entirely to war news. Everything related to school activities was discarded. Column after column gave brief sketches of Latin school boys who had made the "supreme sacrifice." Editorial after editorial praised our patriotic spirit. Letter after letter, received from pupils and masters in the trenches, was published. Finally, when the Armistice was declared, a stirring editorial on peace joined the general chorus of jubilation. With the war over, the REGISTER resumed its normal course. It has made few changes within the last fifteen years. A Humor department has been definitely established. Military notes have been

dropped. A book review column was adopted in 1927.

In 1930 some attention was paid to current drama. A history of Old Boston was published serially. In 1931 the REGISTER's Raving Reporter first made his bow.

The Alumni issue of 1932 contained a reproduction of the first REGISTER. That year was the golden jubilee of the paper's history. The year 1933 saw the first attempt at a column containing exclusive interviews with masters.

This, in brief, is a sketchy account of Latin School's literary pen. The school papers are invaluable, inasmuch as they are historic records—not only of the thoughts and actions of our older brothers, but also of the life and times of the different periods as seen through the eyes of Latin School boys. Our brothers of yesterday have handed down to us a glorious tradition; a tradition that fills us with the insatiable desire to carry on the work which they began. Three generations ago, the mighty pen started its journey across the pages. Decade after decade the pen has been taken up, and each editorial staff has added its trade-mark to the splendid accumulation of by-gone years. We of today are adding another page. Let us hope that it is a worthy one.



CLASSICAL EDUCATION OF FORMER TIMES

In these days of mental enervation, when pupils grumble about difficult assignments and wearying classes, it is well to recall the hardships imposed on the schoolboys of other periods. Just at present, this is a particularly appropriate topic, for the disgruntled Alumnus is voicing more loudly his unceasing plaint that the school isn't what it used to be. Then, too, the graduate needs to be reminded how much more severe were the schools preceding the one he attended.

Indeed, the discipline of the fifteenth-century school was so harsh that Luther never forgot it. He told of the tortures he underwent with declensions and conjugations. "The schoolmasters in my days," he wrote, "were tyrants and executioners; the schools were jails and hells! And in spite of fear and misery, floggings and tremblings, nothing was learned. The young people were treated all too severely, so that they might well have been called martyrs. Time was wasted over many useless things, and thus many an able mind was ruined." He himself was innocently lashed fifteen times in the course of a single morning because he did not know what had not been taught him. In the event of such a situation arising today, the worst that could befall the offender would be a zero and a misdemeanor mark. How times have changed!

In the Middle Ages, great stress was placed on the importance of Latin. So exalted a position did this subject hold in the schools that pupils were taught to converse in the language. Students at Eton and other great universities were compelled to speak only Latin; and, for failure to adhere to this ruling, minor punishments were inflicted.

Diametrically opposed to this stand was Frederick the Great, who positively forbade Latin to be taught to his son. His Majesty wrote: "My son shall not learn Latin; and more than that, I will not suffer anybody even to mention such a thing to me." One of the tutors ventured to read with the Prince the Golden Bull in the original. Frederick William entered the room, and broke out in his usual imperious manner: "Rascal, what are you at there?" "Please, your Majesty," answered the tutor, "I was explaining the Golden Bull to His Royal Highness." "I'll Golden Bull you, you rascal," roared the Emperor of Prussia. Up went the King's cane; away went the terrified instructor, and Frederick's classical education was ended.

Lest some reader of more studious inclinations cast a quizzical eye upon this account, we hasten to add the immortal words of Thackeray: "Let us, people who are so uncommonly clever and learned, have a great tenderness and pity for the poor folks who are not endowed with the prodigious talents which we have. I have always had the greatest regard for dunces; those of my own school days were amongst the pleasantest of the fellows, and have turned out by no means the dullest in life; whereas many a youth who could turn off Latin hexameters by the yard, and could construe Greek quite glibly, is no better than a feeble prig now, with not a pennyworth more brains than were in his head before his beard grew.

"When I think of that Latin Grammar, and that infernal 'As in prae-senti,' and of the other things which I was made to learn in my youth, upon my conscience, I am surprised that

we ever survived it. When one thinks of the boys who have been caned because they could not master that intolerable jargon! Good Lord, what a pitiful chorus these poor little creatures send up! Be gentle with them, ye schoolmasters, and only whip those who WONT learn."

Yet, there is no need of wandering in foreign climes to seek a description of classical education as it used to be, for our own school presents ample material for one interested in the subject. In Colonial times, the school was divided into six or seven classes, each one of which had a separate bench. The subjects studied were Latin, Greek, and penmanship. School began at seven o'clock in the summer, and eight in the winter; and in the afternoon, at one o'clock throughout the year. The first session ended at eleven o'clock in the morning, and the last at five in the afternoon; after which several pupils went to the writing-school for an hour or so. In other words, if those chronic grumblers about the five and a half hours they are forced to spend in this institution are proficient in mathematics, they will readily sympathize with the poor pupils of the eighteenth century, who had to remain in an ugly building for at least seven, and often nine, hours.

No less a lad than Benjamin Franklin, a pupil of Ezekiel Cheever's, was so disgusted with the classics and the renowned Latin "Accidence," that he left school after eight months of boredom and tribulation. If any Alumnus took notice of the occurrence at the time, in all probability he merely raised his brows and made some cutting remark about the increasing stupidity of the younger generation. If he found a youthful audience, he might conceivably have described the horrors

contained in the bulky, wretched Latin grammar called "Lilly's." Even the hardened Alumnus of today, a survivor of the acid test, will be astonished and abashed to learn that this remarkable volume named twenty-five different kinds of nouns, and devoted twenty-two pages of solid print to declensions of nouns. As if this were not quite enough, it gave, in addition, SEVEN genders, with fifteen pages of rules for genders and exceptions. It is no wonder that, under such a regime, a former pupil could burst out with "Syntaxis and Prosidia! you are tormenters of wit and good for nothing but to get schoolmasters twopence a week!"

Yet, as we pore over the old records, we wonder whether these former Alumni were masters of satire, liars, or merely blind to the misery unfortunate pupils had to endure; for the graduates had the wit, or stupidity, to declare that Cheever's Latin Grammar had done "more to inspire young minds with the love of study of the Latin language than any other work of its kind." In addition, many an unwitting jest was uttered by the authors of textbooks. The following was the sub-title of an extremely difficult Latin Grammar: "A delectious Syrupe newly Clarified for Yonge Scholars yt thurst for the Swete Lycore of Latin Speche."

It is interesting to compare with the severity of the eighteenth-century school the dreary atmosphere that prevailed a century later; for the school passed through the dark period from 1885-1890. During that time, teachers were often compelled to take away from the pupils such collections as this: "one plug of tobacco, one revolver, one pack of playing cards, and a formidable-looking Bowie knife."

Such laxity in moral standards as this was probably attributable, in

part, to the dismal and depressing surroundings. The Bedford Street School-house, as described by the famous George Santayana, was "a vast rickety old shell of a building, bare, shabby, and forlorn to the point of squalor; not dirty exactly, but worn, shaky, and stained deeply in every part by time, weather, and merciless usage. No blackboard was black; all were indelibly clouded with ingrained layers of old chalk; the more was rubbed out, the more was rubbed in. Every desk was covered with generations of ink-spots, and cut deeply with lines and letters and grotesque drawings. A ramshackle staircase wound up through the heart of the building to the fourth storey, where the hall was; and down these steep and dangerous curves the avalanche of nail-hoofed boys would come thundering down, forty or eighty or two hundred together. However short your legs might be, it was simpler and safer to rush down with the avalanche, trusting to luck, rather

than to hold back or fall out, and be tarmpled upon or deserted."

It was partly our intention, when first taking pen in hand, to show the student of classical subjects that his lot was not, after all, too severe in comparison with the hardships his predecessors had to endure; but, after reviewing the material embodied in this article, it has occurred to us that the grumbling pupil needs no word of sympathy or encouragement. On the contrary, it would seem more appropriate to echo the perennial lament of the graduate, who views with alarm the increasing facility with which boys straggle through the various classes and obtain the once highly coveted diploma. On still further consideration, however, we will refrain from uttering such heresy, and shall merely remark, in passing, that the millenium will indeed have been reached when pupils demand longer assignments, harder tests, and lower marks.

Lawrence F. Ebb, '35.

SONNET

Oh, heart! You were a fool to think that Spring
 And Springtime song would always be the same!
 The scented dusk, the lilacs in the lane
 Will always be; and always they will bring
 The clinging sweets, the memories haunting,
 And you will watch again the trembling wings
 Of dawn high o'er the pale and silent plain;
 And you will feel long winds among the grain
 And hear the cool mouths of the grasses sing.
 But there will be an absence in my heart,
 That you with all your burnings and your tears
 And laughter will not be able to replace;
 And of the present Spring, each lovely part
 Will but remind you of another year—
 A fragrance lost—a dim, remembered face.

W. Conley, '37.

RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



January 1: The Alumni started the year off right by defeating the Latin School hockey team, 4-2, at the Boston Arena. The Moores predominated.

January 2: A new Year! A new leaf! New resolutions! Mr. Winslow solemnly resolves not to devour more than five apples a day. Mr. Wilbur promises to smile nonchalantly when he hears that the price of "spuds" has struck a new bottom. The R.R.R. warrants a funnier column. (We intend to paste our picture at the top.) The student body resolves to stay awake during the Latin Class, to laugh when a master cracks a petrified joke, to stop whistling in the corridors, to look grieved when there is no time left for a test, to grow moustaches, to study ten hours a night, to eat spinach, to wear spats, to blush when spoken to, to listen intently to all declamations, and to stay awake during assemblies.

William Worthy, IV-A, tickled the ivories expertly at an assembly in the Girls' Latin School . . . We wish we were "Worthy!"

January 3. The REGISTER appeared today—accompanied by report cards.

What a combination! The one is to read; the other is too red! . . . A certain Latin teacher lost his record sheets. You should hear all the fellows who claimed they got over "80." Would you believe it? The Stamp Act Congress convened in 211 at 2.30. The subject for discussion was: "Is the mutilage on Abyssinian stamps sickening or just fatal?" No agreement was reached . . . An extraordinary session of the Debating Club was held. We understand that a debate with Laconia has been scheduled for Friday afternoon, February 2, in the Latin School auditorium. Admission free. Have you bought your ticket yet??

January 4: It's raining cats and dogs today. Beastly weather! The floors recently oiled are very slippery; hence, Coasting Bulletin: Corridors—Fair and Warmer; 333—Good and Slippery; 220—Pediculous. Catalogue money is sadly in arrears. Did you know that it costs "Circa" \$450 to publish the "names and numbers of all the players?" and at present only \$125 has been collected? The super-mathematicians, the B. L. S. brain trust, are trying to figure out a way to make both ends meet.

January 5: Classes IV, V, and VI attended the declamation exercises . . . Football letters were finally handed out. "Big Jack" Dever and "Red" Tully, tired of waiting, had already purchased their insignia . . . Preparations are being made for a debate with Brown. While we are on the subject, yours truly has a suggestion: The average debate is too long and is likely to become boring. Why not close it after Latin School has presented her arguments? There's no need of hearing Brown; it would only confuse the judges' decision . . .

January 8: At 12.47, Dr. William Leonard Langer, Class of 1912, associate professor of history at Harvard College, gave an instructive and amusing talk on his experiences in the wilds of the Balkans. He repeatedly addressed the audience as "Gentlemen." He don't know from nuttin', as us cultured Balkans say . . . "The Great" Lipson played a violin solo, Berstein accompanying him on the piano. The eminent fiddler threatened bodily harm to the R.R.R. unless it was announced that he—"The Great"—played superbly at the debate. Gee, these musciians are temperamental! . . .

Superintendent of Schools Patrick Campbell visited the school today.

January 9: The Class I. Council met to discuss possibilities of a coming banquet. It was finally decided that the feasters would assemble February 29. It was suggested that the R.R.R. be called "London," because he's always in a fog. The "Chem" students used deadly poisonous liquids in their experiments today. Much to the relief of Mr. Shea, they lived to tell the tale. Pretty tough birds, huh? . . . Evidence has been found in the REGISTER of 1886 that eating one's lunch in the home-room period is a time-honored tradition. This custom, though more tasty, rivals declamations in age.

January 10: A youngster, stricken with appendicitis, was rushed to City Hospital. He is doing nicely, Gott sei dank . . . Mr. Marson called a meeting of the REGISTER staff, which the R.R.R. unfortunately forgot to attend . . . Shush! Mr. Marnell held a secret conference with a few standbys of the Debating Club . . . Inside stuff! Whew! . . . Of late some Hercules has been twisting the special padlocks on the athletic lockers into figure eights. Beware! Beware! Detective Lawler is on the trail.

January 11: The following headline was posted on Mr. Glover's front board: "Stalling" seen stopped; takes measures to prevent "semi-sight" reciting. Zero given to dilatory dilly dallers." That's telling them, hey? . . . That pest, Ober, was around again. How many times does he think I'm going to pay my dues? . . . Do you have trouble keeping busy during the lunch period? Try our treatment. We guarantee your ills will vanish. Divide the home-room into two teams. Team "A" pursues Team "B" about the school until all 18 of "A's" men have been captured. Then "B" has its outs. The game called "Shadow" is the chief delight of Class VI. boys. It is sanctioned by the State Fish and Game laws, but beware of the faculty! . . . Here's a tidbit from an 1889 REGISTER: "A Chess Tournament will be held—admission, 15 cents."

January 12: The yodellers (Glee Club) assembled at 12.12 in the large rehearsal hall. The "street sweepers" sang something that sounded like a cross between a Chinese lullaby and Amos 'n' Andy's theme song. It was not only without the permission of the teacher in charge, but even without the permission of the copyright owners . . . The shot-putters are at work daily in the gym. "Rubinoff" Steinberg seems to be great at putting things under his chin: First, it's a fiddle; now, it's the shot put. Someone remarked that he could throw the fiddle farther.

January 15: What three masters were discovered playing tiddlywinks in a secluded corner of this edifice? In order to avoid scandal, we shall withhold the names. However, a crusade against the tiddlywinks racket is in the making . . . Was the R.R.R. rudely awakened? Huh! You have to have a slip signed by the home-room master

to get food before 12.30. For the past few weeks, as many have been eating between 12 and 12.30 as at the regular hour . . . The Library, closed now, is not expected to reach top form before April first.

January 16: Colonel Penney rated the posture of each little kaydet. One young fellow received an "E." We later found out that his father owns a pretzel factory . . . Yours truly learned on good authority that Mr. Drummey dislikes Wagner . . . We believe that the painters, while swishing the brush in various classrooms are getting a classical education—free. Soon the worthy brush-wielders will be quoting Shakespeare over their salami sandwiches. The moral is: "Educate our laborers while they work." No trouble. No cost. No zeros.

The high-hoppers jumped or the high-jumpers hopped over the bar down cellar. In the senior high-jump it was a case of:

Vic, be nimble;
Vic, be quick;
Santosuosso's over
The high-jump stick!

January 17: Mechanic Arts barely nosed out Latin School in the triangular track meet. Plackter, Powers, Weiner, Leary, Thompson, and Foley were brilliant. "Beat English" is the cry. One little fellow, after running the "600," regretted his devotion to the corn cob. Huh, Joe?

January 18: A certain individual threatened to reveal the identity of the R.R.R. unless the sum of five pesos was handed over. Your obliging reporter bought the blackmailer a one-way ticket to Siberia . . . If middle C on a piano has 256 vibrations per second, how many vibrations has the fire alarm? By-the-by, the organ in the hall was tuned today . . . Last night,

one of the more outspoken pupils told your correspondent that this column was—ah—er—putrid. We think so, too; but what are our insignificant views against the opinion of the whole school?

January 19: A certain member of the faculty argues that cribbing is worth-while **because** the pupils learn something from it—especially if a censure is issued . . . Teacher (to boys taking test): "Now, boys, don't let your eyes roam, because if you do, you may get cross-eyed; and then your tears will roll down your back, and you'll get bacteria!" The eeny-meeny yodelers assembled in the big rehearsal hall at 12.12 for lung exercise . . . Did you know that Arthur Brisbane writes this column; that the famous Archer never saw a bow and arrow; that Penrose Sullivan is the name of a good cough syrup; that a committee has been formed to wreck the classrooms on the first floor in the old building to provide more work for the C. W. A.; but the new paint job in the old building makes the old paint job in the new building look shabby; that we write Joe Penner's script; that this "hooley" probably won't be printed ? ? ?

January 20: The Latin School hockey team met and defeated the Dedham High team at Dedham. They came, they saw, they conquered.

January 22: A certain pupil proposed that football be cut out of the school curriculum. He insists that many a brilliant career has been ruined by over-emphasis of this rough game. Anyhow, I'll stick to my chess, Graham . . . Classes IV, V, and VI had the unique privilege of being the first to hear the Headmaster's talk on "Cleanliness" . . . Tickets for the hockey double-header—Latin vs. Dorchester, English vs. Commerce—Janu-

ary 24, at 3 o'clock at the Boston Arena were 20 cents. Latin School is represented by an excellent hockey team under the leadership of "Bud" Davis. Since they receive no financial aid from the city, it behooves you and me as pupils of this school to support them in their conquests. Attend the hockey games. You'll get your money's worth.

January 23: There are bundle-snatchers, and there are baby-snatchers; but who ever heard of an individual so wicked, so despicable, so hard-hearted, so thoughtless, so criminal, so unethical that he snatched lunches? Yes, sir, that's what happened today. A poor, underfed Puer was robbed of his hard-earned repast. He sweated and bled and toiled all morning--wading through test after test, greedily visualizing that delicious meal that was awaiting him. Came the Latin period—he eats during the Cicero class—and lo and behold, the precious lunch had disappeared. What happened? Pardon my tears. What happened, did you say? Each member of the class contributed a morsel of grub to his fund, and he ate a lunch bigger and perhaps better than the original one.

P.S. The boy afterwards found his lunch at home on the kitchen table.

January 24: Latin 4, English 0. In as thrilling a game as we ever saw, Latin School downed English High at the Arena today. Our boys played an exceptionally fine brand of hockey. The fellows were bedecked with the Blue and Yellow of Trade School, although they did wear purple stockings. In the other half of the double-header, Commerce nipped Dorchester, 3-2 . . . The Dramatic Club, under the direction of Mr. Russo, is rehearsing a blood-curdling thriller—soon to be announced.

January 25: The track meet was indefinitely postponed. The third and

fourth class chanters were warned that no jazz is to be sung at meetings of the Glee Club. It is the aim of this organization to develop opera yodelers like Lawrence Tibbett, Mr. Cheet-ham, Bing Crosby, and Mr. T. O'Donnell.

January 26: Mr. Glover's board yields more news:

In CCCVI
More est periculosa
Morator paratus est
Tarditus est
Adiosa
Taubo zero praemio
Est.

Otherwise the day was quiet!

January 27: Wot a race! Wot a team! Happy days are here again! For the first time in the memory of our oldest inhabitants, the Senior Latin School relay team defeated English High at the Knights of Columbus meet. Weiner, starting for the Purple and White, finished his leg of the race a step ahead of English's Lynch. "Fighting Red" Thompson kept the lead, handing the baton to Santosuosso. "Vic" was passed on the first lap, regained the lead, and finished his leg two inches in the van. The race really ended here; for Leary pulled away from Cox and opened up ten yards. The time—2 minutes, 16 1-5 seconds—was only 1 1-5 seconds away from the State record. Baker's leg of the Junior relay was very commendable.

January 29: A bargain! Three hockey games for the price of two hot dogs and an ice cream cone. Boston College vs. Northeastern, Boston Latin vs. Dorchester, English High vs. Commerce. First game at 8 o'clock sharp Friday evening. Despite the moderate price, we overheard one youngster in kilts ask an enthusiastic ticket agent

if he could pay 5 cents and see the Latin game! . . . Some playful lad removed the caps from all the radiators on the third floor; and, of course, Classes I, II, and II had short assembly.

January 30: Brrr! Brrr! Frigerez vous? We noticed several frozen cars, and were the objects of many frosty glances. The temperature outside the school at 2 A. M. was . . . (We'll take your word for it!)

January 31: The eleven Sullivan tracksters had their picture taken for Ripley's freak column. Our Herculean brethren also posed—milk bottle in one hand; shot put in the other. We got the impression that at least two of the fingers must have been poured into

their suits . . . The Dramatic Club announced that it will present "The Inner Circle" on the evening of March 9th. Admission—50 cents.

January 32: Speaker Sullivan announced the membership of the Class I. Committee. In a forcful manner the eminent speaker warned his brethren that unless they looked at the birdy and were snapped by Singer-Renbrandt, the Year Book could not, would not, and should not be published.

February 2: REGISTER deadline . . . The upper classes slept through 18 declamations . . . Latin School defeated Dorchester at the Arena, 3-0 (?) Didn't they? . . .

Swee-at-Dreams,

Avngra egisterra eporterra.

LITERARY ODDITIES

Sidney Sulkin

To Our Alumni

Hail to ye who gaze in speechless
scorn

Upon these tattered remnants of
your caste,
Cowed beneath their crushing cares
and worn

By woes that long for ye have
passed.

Rev'rently we pass within the walls
Where once ye dwelt in calm, sedate
repose,
Broken only by the sin'ster drone
That spelled impending storms and
mental throes.

Hail to ye who gaze in haughty pride
From out the dark and distant days
of yore
To crow o'er us who still are lost
amidst

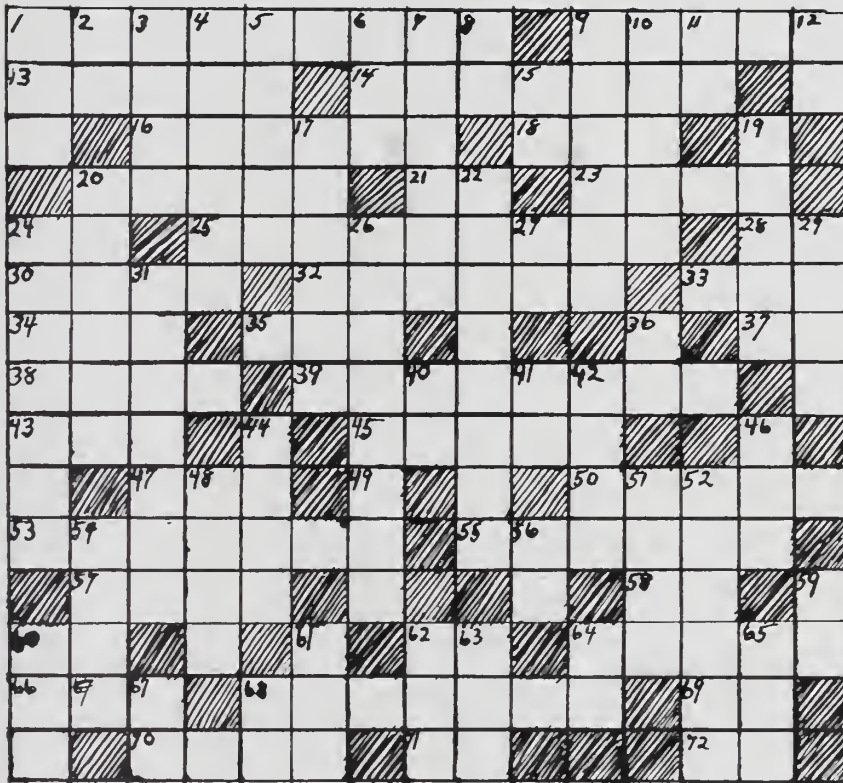
The snarls of Euclid and bold Ovid's
lore . . .

* * *

Doctor Henry Thomas Schnittkind, '06, in his "Weavers of Words," has presented us with a clear picture of the incomparable Mark Twain: "Here, in truth, is the tale of a clown who had to laugh . . . Samuel Clemens was Mark Twain's direct opposite. Samuel Clemens received from life the opposite from what Mark Twain put into it. At the age of 12, Clemens witnessed the death of a brother and a sister—at 23 his hair turned gray when a brother was killed in an explosion—at 30, having sipped of Life's Hemlock, he resolved to drink the entire cup and placed a pistol to his forehead—but Mark Twain staid his finger."

**OMNIA VERBA INSCRIBENDA
SUNT LATINE**

I. N. Rosenberg, '36



Horizontal

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Former. | 43. To be bought. |
| 9. Senate-House. | 45. Generation. |
| 13. I stand aloof. | 46. From. |
| 14. To force out. | 47. Although. |
| 16. Merely. | 49. One thousand (abbr.) |
| 18. Beyond. | 50. On this side. |
| 20. I measure off | 53. To escape. |
| 21. They. | 55. Supposed guilt. |
| 23. I take. | 57. Employment. |
| 24. Concerning. | 58. Primary stem suffix. |
| 25. High-tempered. | 60. It. |
| 28. Affair (abbr.) | 62. On account of. |
| 30. Likewise. | 64. You are pressing on (sing.) |
| 32. Two-thirds. | 66. Dew. |
| 33. While. | 68. Pitcher. |
| 35. Bring! (sing.) | 70. That (abl masculine). |
| 37. Master of Arts (abbr.) | 71. You are (sing.) |
| 38. I forge. | 72. Archaic ending of future perfect. |
| 39. To hiss. | |

Vertical

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Peace. | 31. Syndie. |
| 2. Rural District of Buthro- | 36. Roman Senate (abbr.) |
| tum (abbr.). | 40. Therefore (completion of |
| 3. That scoundrel. | "qua—") |
| 4. Immediately. | 41. Give! (sing.) |
| 5. Accent. | 42. Food. |
| 6. Nor. | 44. Would that you would like! |
| 7. Of elm. | 46. Skill. |
| 8. If. | 48. Moist. |
| 10. Bear. | 51. Journey. |
| 11. Back (prefix). | 52. You are bombastic (sing.). |
| 12. On. | 54. I play. |
| 15. I give. | 56. You are (sing.) |
| 17. Beam. | 59. Bone. |
| 19. Leather thong. | 60. Anger. |
| 20. Middle (neut. sing.). | 61. I love. |
| 22. Huckster. | 62. Soho! |
| 24. To teach. | 63. Ox. |
| 26. Struggle. | 64. City of Alexandria (abbr.). |
| 27. Gods. | 65. I swim out. |
| 29. Fond of buying. | 67. Whether. |
| | 68. But. |

(Solution on Page 26)

A woman walked into a fashionable restaurant the other evening and summoned the head waiter.

Woman: Do you mind dogs in here?

Head Waiter: Yes, we certainly do, madam.

Woman: That's fine. Then I wish you'd mind this one for me; I want to go across the street and dine.

* * *

Vas You Dere, Sharlie?

Brother, when a man flying across Siberia has trouble it IS trouble . . . The two repair shops are 45.193 miles apart!

* * *

Some Mistake, Eh, Boss?

"Look here," gasped the poet to the editor, "I wrote a poem about my little boy and began the verse with the

words, 'My son, my pigmy counterpart'."

"Yes," replied the editor.

The poet drew a paper from his pocket. "Read!" he blazed. "See what your compositor has done!"

The editor read: "My son, my pig, my counterpart!"

* * *

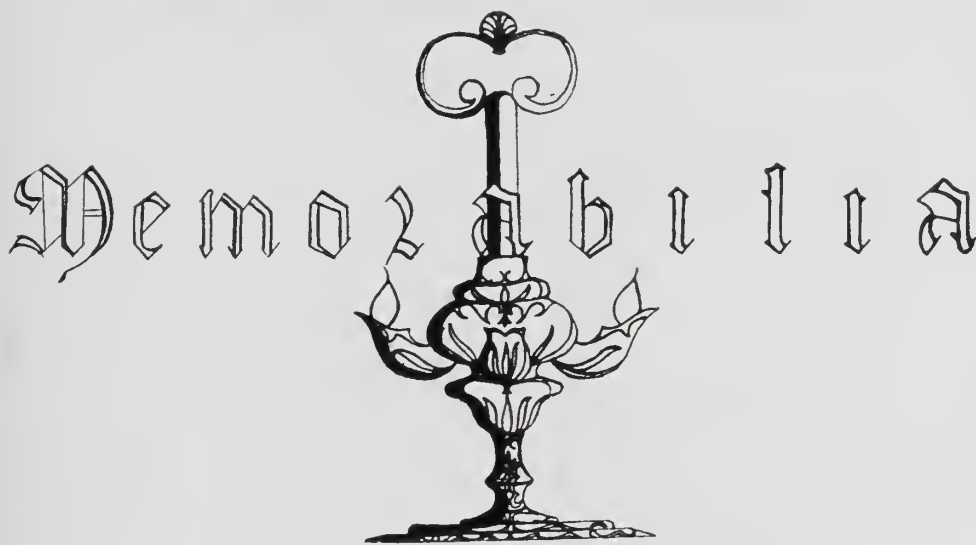
An Efficiency Expert

The office boy entered the sanctum of an editor and said: "Say, boss, there is a tramp outside who says he hasn't had anything to eat for six days."

"Bring him in," said the editor. "If we can find out how he does it, we can run this paper for another week!"

* * *

The little jigger on the windowsill in Room 206 is not a pencil sharpener; it is a pencil shortener!



THE B. L. S. HALL OF FAME

Mathew Ross, '34

(Note: To acquaint Latin School students with the men whose names appear on the frieze in the Assembly Hall, we wish to present this series of brief biographies.)

I. COTTON MATHER, the son of Increase, a man of learning, who spent his life preaching and writing, was born in Boston in 1663. At the age of six he became a student of B. L. S., whence he went the way of later Latin School students, Harvard. Here he received two degrees—an A.B. in 1670, and an A.M. in 1680. After graduation, Mather became a fiery colonial preacher, who was wont to spend two or three hours in delivering the Sunday sermon. An ardent patriot, Mather took an active part in the "Glorious Revolution," wherein the colonists imprisoned and sent back to England Sir Edmund Andros, a despotic governor sent over by James II. to govern the "province from Delaware Bay to Nova Scotia." In 1721, when a movement began in favor of inoculation against smallpox, Mather became

a strong supporter. Over 450 books on history, religion, science, and biography were written by him. His "Magnalia Christi Americana" is an ecclesiastical history of New England. Biographers describe Mather as "nervously sensitive," hot-tempered, and too eager in a controversy. Although he had many traits of a fanatic, Mather was untiring in his efforts to better mankind. Death came for the preacher in 1728.

* * *

II. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was born in Boston in 1706, the son of a tallow-chandler. Eight years afterwards he entered B. L. S., where he stayed for but two months (take it for what it's worth). After helping his father and brother, he decided to run away to the "City of Brotherly Love," where he met his future wife. Here, as a result of his success as a printer and publisher, he became well-to-do. In 1753 he was honored with a degree of A.M. at both Harvard and Yale; two years later William and Mary fol-

(Continued on Page 21)

Frederick O'Brien



A little over twenty years ago the late Henry Pennypacker introduced to the Latin School in the person of Fred O'Brien, the first Teacher-Coach in the Boston School System. So happy was the choice of the man to be the subject of this experiment, that within a few years every school in Boston followed suit and selected, as the trainer of its athletes, some man who was also qualified to be a member of its faculty. That the system of Teacher-Coaches has prevailed in Boston is due, in a great measure, to the high ideals of Fred O'Brien.

Endowed with a marvelous physique, he proved himself an idol to countless athletically-inclined youngsters. Many there are of these who still recall the days at the old Walpole Street grounds, when a broad grin above a granite chin took the sting out of the dismal failure of clutching arms and hands to stay

the progress of his whirling hips and dancing feet, as he tried to teach the young idea how football really should be played.

Possessed of a rare sense of humor, an uncanny memory for stories, and an inimitable style of telling them, he kept his colleagues, as well as his boys, in a constant state of chuckles. There was never a class of his in Latin School which did not, at least once each period, shatter the silence of the corridors with a hilarious guffaw at some sally of his. The gathering of the faculty before quarter of nine each morning was never complete until Fred O'Brien had told his morning story from a seemingly inexhaustible supply.

Gifted as he was, it is no small wonder that he exercised such a tremendous influence over all who came in contact with him, and those, for the most part, were boys. Boys were his life. And what a magic influence for all that was good he exercised over them! The innate strength of character of the man, lodged in this tremendously robust physique, shone forth through all his wit and humor, inspiring the impressionable youth of the school to emulate all that it found good in its teacher.

There are many, in all walks of life, of high degree and of low, to mourn the death of Fred O'Brien. But none miss him so keenly as those boys who followed his leadership in the Latin School; boys who loved him for what he was—a man's man.

May he rest in peace.

lowed suit. There is no need to mention Franklin's later achievements, "Poor Richard's Almanac" and the establishment of the "Junto." At the Junto—a society for literary and scientific research—Franklin started the first circulating library in the United States with a continuous existence. In addition to founding the American Philosophical Society, Franklin also began an academy which later became the University of Pennsylvania. Invaluable as a diplomat and statesman, Franklin probably exerted as much influence on his own times as any of his contemporaries. His autobiography is not only a work of art, but also an accurate history of his times. He, one of Latin School's most famous pupils, died in 1790.

* * *

III. In 1729, at the age of six, SAMUEL LANGDON came to B. L. S. Following tradition, he went to Harvard. Later Langdon moved to Portsmouth, N. H., where he taught in the grammar school. On the famous Louisburg expedition, Langdon served as chaplain under Colonel William Pepperell. Returning to Boston in 1774, he became president of Harvard College; but as a result of student opposition to his patriotic sentiments, he was forced to resign his position. In 1788 he returned to New Hampshire as a member of the Convention, where he used his influence in favor of the ratification of the Constitution. Langdon was one of the founders of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He was also the author of a number of books on religion and philosophy. He died at the age of seventy-four.

* * *

IV. JAMES LOVELL was born in Boston in 1837 and seven years later

stepped through the portals of B. L. S. He evidently liked the school, for after graduation from ——? (you guessed it), he returned as a teacher under his father—then Headmaster. Unlike his father, Lovell was an ardent patriot. When the British were forced to evacuate Boston in 1776, Lovell was taken prisoner to Halifax. He remained abroad until he was exchanged late in the same year. While a member of the Continental Congress, Lovell failed to comprehend Washington's military ability; and he assisted in an attempt to place General Gates in supreme command of the Continental Army. Not only did he serve Boston as receiver of the tax and receiver for the port, but he was also enlisted as a naval officer at Charlestown. His services were brought to a close by his death in 1777.

* * *

V. WILLIAM HOOPER is known as an American jurist and signer of the Declaration of Independence. Having received his education at B. L. S. and Harvard, he undertook the study of law, with James Otis as teacher. When he moved to North Carolina, he built up a very successful practice and became so well known that he assisted the Provincial Government in suppressing the disturbance of 1770. He was elected to the Legislature, where he served for four years. After his resignation from the Legislature, he re-entered public life as one of the Federal judges chosen to arbitrate in a territorial dispute between New York and Massachusetts. He died the same year he signed the Declaration of Independence.

* * *

VI. GEN. HENRY KNOX, the man Mr. Powers justly praises every year in connection with bringing cannon

from Ft. Ticonderoga to Boston, was born in 1750 of Scotch-Irish parents. Eight years later he became a student at B. L. S. In later times he became prominent in the colonial militia and tried to prevent the Boston Massacre. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, he enlisted in the American Army. During the war he took an active part at Bunker Hill and in planning the defence of the army at Boston. At Trenton, Knox so acted as to be made Brigadier-General and Chief of Artillery. Promotion again came at Yorktown. Throughout the war Knox distinguished himself as one of Washington's most trusted friends and advisers, bringing the artillery to a high degree of efficiency. Washington appointed Knox Secretary of State in his first Cabinet, a position Knox held until 1794. A brave, courageous soldier and officer, as well as a brilliant military genius, Knox was laid to rest at Thomaston, Me., in 1806.

* * *

VII. CHRISTOPHER GORE was born the same year as Knox entered B. L. S., 1758. He studied law after his graduation from Harvard. (It seems that to be a great man in those times, one had to be a lawyer). After completing his study of law under Judge Lowell, he established a flourishing practice. In 1789 George Washington appointed him District Attorney of Massachusetts. Gore's services were not confined to the United States, for in England he served on the commission which concluded a peace treaty between the mother country and the newly formed United States. He remained abroad for eight years, being Charge D'Affaires at London during the absence of Rufus King.

Upon his return from England, Gore became a strong supporter of the Federalists, and in 1809 was elected Governor of Massachusetts by them. After serving as United States Senator, Gore retired to Waltham, where he died in 1829.

* * *

VIII. RALPH WALDO EMERSON was born in Boston in 1803 and attended B. L. S. while America was busily engaged in the War of 1812. At Harvard, Emerson was merely an average student, ranking in the middle of his class. In 1826, when threatened with consumption, Emerson went to the sunny South. After his trip abroad, it was his pleasure to meet some of his favorite authors: Landor, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. Emerson returned to America, where he published Carlyle's essays; while Carlyle reciprocated by publishing Emerson's essays in England. Emerson was now living in Concord with his mother. He spent his remaining days there as a "devoted husband, a wise and tender father, a virtuous villager, a friendly neighbor, and an honorable citizen." During the winters of 1835 and 1836, he lectured at the Masonic Temple. Here, as well as in his essays, he stressed the "infinite of the private man." In 1847 he re-visited England and his dear friend Carlyle. He left numerous poems and essays, the most famous of which are "Manners," "Farming," "Books," "Life and Letters in New England," "Eloquence," "Old Age," and Nature." His grave is in Sleepy Hollow, Concord.

(To be continued)

Senior: Well, I knocked 'em cold in Latin, all right.

Junior: What did you get?

Senior: Zero. —*American Boy.*

THROUGH THE YEARS WITH THE REGISTER

February, 1909. The days of our basketball glory. We win five games, averaging tremendous scores over Brighton, M. A. H. S., E. B. H. S., S. B. H. S., and D. H. S. . . . Our proud seniors tumble in an Interclass Meet; one Class III. youngster garners twenty points all by himself: four firsts . . . A rival school publication appears—the “Enterprise,” published by one Kelly, an enterprising young fellow of Class V. . . . We are happy to print a full page of Exchanges . . . Editorials in this issue are conspicuous by their absence.

February, 1914. This is our Alumni Number, and we have a very interesting paper of reminiscences by one “W. P. H., '84.” W. P. H. was a “reg’lar feller” as well as a successful Modern Prize candidate . . . The Class Day Committee predicts that this year’s celebration, to take place April 23, will be the finest ever witnessed in this school . . . DECLAIMER: “Strike, strike, strike!” VOICE FROM REAR: “Yer out! Next batter up!” Oh, well . . . Let us make up for not winning one Track Meet last year, by winning every one this year, including the Regimentals!!! . . . It appears that we shall not have the proposed system of self-government in each room subordinate to a central school board.

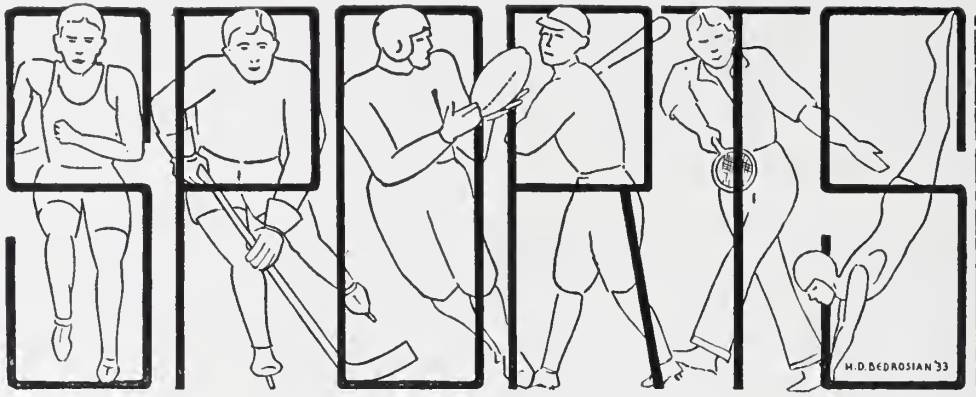
February, 1919. Another Alumni Number, under the capable supervision of P. J. Wenners, Editor-in-Chief . . . The School Committee has purchased and set apart for the Latin School building a plot of ground containing 112,000 square feet on Avenue Louis Pasteur, directly opposite the new High School of Commerce . . . The students, not the masters, now move about from room to room for the various recitations . . . Some fellows de-

clare that they will resemble street-cleaners when they receive the new military uniforms. It is too bad puttees can’t be worn. Certainly they impart more snap to a uniform than straight trousers . . . Preparations for an entertainment for all Latin School boys returning from France are being made . . . We got our reduced “L” fares at last, didn’t we? And pretty welcome, think we . . . “Our last tribute to those of Alma Mater’s sons who have entered the eternal Realms of Peace that we, their brothers, might live in a free, safe, democratic world.”

February, 1924. “Oft and again can we point with pride to the ever-growing list of names which have helped raise the glory of their Alma Mater to the heavens. With ever-increasing satisfaction might we repeat: ‘By their fruits ye shall know them’—and ask to be shown another such list.” (Some editor, say *we*) . . . Here’s a good thought: Yearly, educators revise curricula; when will they realize the existence of that mighty, latent storehouse of power—the school paper conscious of its greater mission? When? . . . He laughs best whose laugh lasts . . . (You figure it out!)

February, 1929. With joyous exultation, triumphant extollation—words fail me! Anyway, B. L. S. has defeated M. A. H. S. and Commerce in the first meet, 104, 88, and 39, respectively. In the second meet we have had a “narrow squeak,” defeating Dorchester and Trade 94 24-42, 89 5-42, and 57 17-42, respectively. *Mirabile dictu!* (Remember, huh?) What a team! . . . Dave Kopans (have you heard the name?) is one of the strong men of the Senior division; he has bettered 40 feet and should soon be doing more

Sherwood D. Fox, '35.



WHAT HO!

Sporting ten first places, Latin track forces rose to unprecedented heights in the initial tri-meet of the season, on January 16 and 17, overwhelming Commerce's entrants and finishing a bare ten points behind the highly-touted Mechanics speedsters. Actually amassing more points in the track events than the Artisans, the Purple was downed only by Mechanics' 17-point margin in the field events.

Among the Seniors, "Vin" Santosuosso showed the effects of diligent training, when he out-leaped a formidable field in the high jump; while across in the Commerce gym, "Rud" Hoyer "putted" to a fourth. The Intermediates put us right into the thick of it, when "Len" Weiner captured the high jump, and "Joe" Nee, Foley, and Finkelstein swept the shotput. Powers and Bennett added to the glory of the Inters, snaring second and third places, respectively, in the broad jump.

The Junior shot found Paul Wexler entrenched in first, closely followed by Halpin and "Irv" Major, who finished second and fourth, respectively. In the jumps, third places by Rosenfield and "Red" Herman brought our total in the field events to 37.

In the Junior hurdles, "Al" Plackter, 180-pound freshman, was out in front

all the way, with Matulewicz and Hughes edging into scoring position. "Ed" Crowley and Halpin turned in second and third places in the dash, while in the "176," Eastmond was nosed out at the finish, with Rosenfield and "Pat" O'Hara at his heels.

Garnering every first place, the Intermediates again showed the way. "Len" Weiner, the only double winner, after winning two trial heats, breezed home with yards to spare in the "220." "Dick" Powers ran away with the hurdles, while Frank Foley cracked the tape in the dash without disturbing a hair of his neatly slicked cranium. Our flaming meteorite, "Red" Thompson, neared record figures in winning the "600," with Capt. "Al" Branca finishing a good third in the same event.

In the Senior dash, "Dick" Lawler was "given a present" of fourth place after he had finished a good second, barely being nicked at the tape by "Chick" Smith, the winner from Mechanics. "Swede" Anderson steamed into second place in the hurdles, while "Dick" Bigwood finished in the same niche in the "1000."

Ringling the curtain down on the meet, Frank Leary sprinted spectacularly down the home-stretch to take the "600."

Without question, we have the finest track unit in the recent history of the School. Let us support it!

DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

Listen, my children, and you shall hear: Aside from our great showing in the Mechanics-Commerce meet, was the verbal battle between the handful of Latin spectators, led by "Bela" Belcewicz, and the Commerce rooters, headed by lusty-lunged "Red" Hazel . . . The chief argument of Hazel and his gang was that our lads were in the category of rotten apples, lemons bananas, etc. . . . Both Capt. "Al" Branca and "Dick" Lawler were running with "codes id decr doses" . . . The newcomer, "Red" Thompson, is a genuine "Reggie" threat, as was evidenced by the way he outdistanced the field in the "600" . . . With the new system of track ratings, there has appeared a preponderance of material in the Intermediate division, in which the Purple is duly represented. In the "220" we counted exactly twenty-one Latin entrants . . . Valuable points flew out the window when an over-zealous official erased "Jack" Sieve's name from the Senior dash for three false starts. In his trial heat, Jack actually led "Chick" Smith to the tape . . . "Dick" Lawler took it on the chin when all the officials but one picked him for second place. That one judge was the "Chief." "Dick had to content himself with fourth . . . Speaking of mistakes, we must mention the Senior "300." Santosuosso coasted in a comfortable second; and, to the utter amazement of all, when the final ratings were announced, "Vin" was relegated to third place . . . Little "Joe" Celetano was lost in the bustle on the first corner of the Junior "176"; and when the dust cleared away, "Joe" was

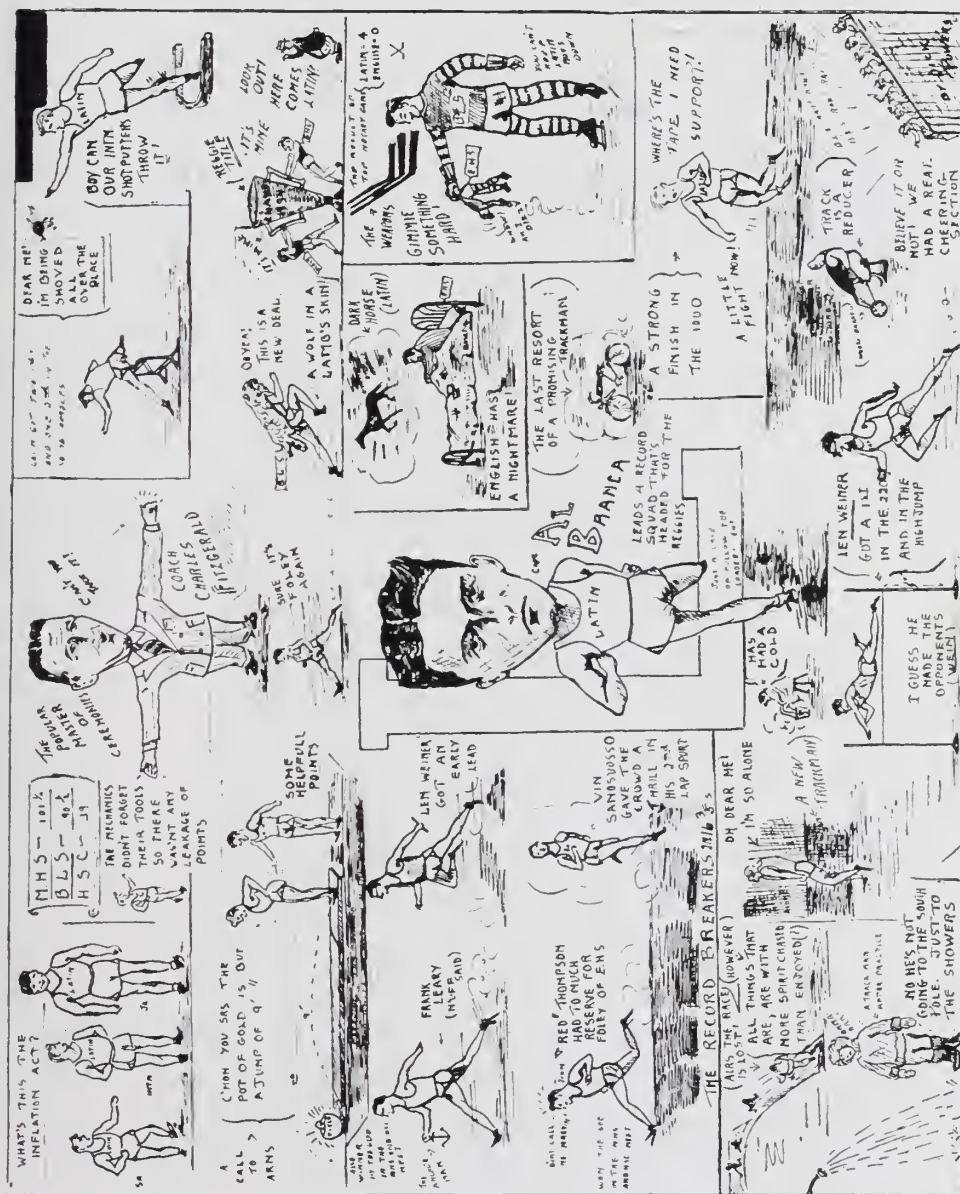
found with a badly torn leg. His flying feet might have made the difference between first and second place in the Junior relay at the K. of C. . . . At this point we offer our most sincere thanks to "Len" Weiner for invaluable aid in reviewing the tracksters and their accomplishments . . . "Len" looked like the proverbial "million" in winning both the Intermediate high jump and the "300," in which he was forced to win two trial heats before capturing the final laurel . . . Leo Daly and Coach Holland of Mechanic Arts seemed to be at odds on several points . . . "Al" Plackter, our 180-pound Junior, looked like Goliath among the Lilliputians as he came home a winner in the hurdles . . . McMillan, though only an "Inter," has found the hurdles of that division too puny to be negotiated with over-sized legs and hereafter will confine his activities to the Senior timber-topping . . . It is evident from reports that both English and Mechanics are mighty wary of our power in the "Reggies." It will not be a complete surprise to some if this year's track forces, the greatest in the history of our school, actually perform the miracle and beat English. Coach Fitzgerald has a mighty rod in Leary, Thompson, Weiner, Santosuosso, Powers, Foley, Anderson, Sieve, Lawler, Bigwood, and others, and may he strike the rock, so that the waters of victory shall pour themselves forth . . . In the Knights of Columbus Meet our relay teams did themselves proud. Competing against English, Dorchester, and Commerce, the Senior team finished well out in front, failing by a mere fifth of a second to equal the State record figures. "Len" Weiner got away to a beautiful start and passed a three-yard lead to "Red" Thompson, who succeeded in staving off all alien bids. "Vin" Santosuosso, running in

third position, was passed, but came back strong to hand over a 15-yard advantage to Frank Leary. The race was in the bag the second Leary touched the baton, and he breezed home with a cool 25-yard lead over the English anchor man. The Junior team, with McAvoy and Baker starring, chased the Blue and Blue quartet to the tape in fast time . . . Two of last year's stars played prominent roles in the college relays. "Red" Miller ran third on the Harvard Frosh team against Holy Cross, while Laus ied off

for the Tufts '38 . . . Latin's "Secret Six" has shown up remarkably well in its games to date, despite its great lack of practice. Edged by the Alumni, 4-2, in a torrid tussle, led by Fred Moore, Blodeau, Carr, Shea, etc., the Purple sextet came back to nose out Dedham, 1-0, the goal being scored by "Jack" Leonard, assisted by O'Callaghan. On January 23, English was thoroughly trounced to the tune of 4-0—Leonard, Davis, Dever, and Chandler plunking home the counters.

SOLUTION TO CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|-----|
| 1P | 2R | 3I | 4S | 5T | 6I | 7N | 8U | 9S | 10C | 11U | 12R | 13I | 14A |
| 15A | 16B | 17S | 18T | 19O | 20E | 21L | 22I | 23D | 24E | 25R | 26E | 27N | |
| 28X | 29 | 30T | 31A | 32N | 33T | 34U | 35M | 36O | 37L | 38S | 39 | 40L | 41 |
| 42 | 43M | 44E | 45T | 46O | 47R | 48E | 49I | 50S | 51U | 52M | 53O | 54 | 55 |
| 56D | 57E | 58I | 59R | 60A | 61C | 62U | 63N | 64D | 65U | 66S | 67R | 68E | 69 |
| 70I | 71D | 72E | 73M | 74B | 75E | 76S | 77S | 78I | 79S | 80D | 81U | 82M | |
| 83S | 84I | 85C | 86F | 87E | 88R | 89T | 90S | 91M | 92A | 93 | 94 | 95 | 96 |
| 97C | 98U | 99D | 100O | 101S | 102T | 103R | 104I | 105D | 106E | 107R | 108E | 109X | |
| 110E | 111M | 112I | 113A | 114A | 115E | 116T | 117A | 118S | 119A | 120 | 121 | 122 | 123 |
| 124R | 125C | 126U | 127M | 128M | 129O | 130C | 131I | 132T | 133R | 134A | 135 | 136 | 137 |
| 138E | 139L | 140U | 141D | 142E | 143R | 144E | 145R | 146E | 147A | 148T | 149U | 150S | 151 |
| 152U | 153S | 154U | 155S | 156N | 157S | 158E | 159R | 160O | 161 | 162 | 163 | 164 | 165 |
| 166I | 167D | 168S | 169A | 170A | 171O | 172B | 173U | 174R | 175G | 176E | 177S | 178 | 179 |
| 180R | 181O | 182S | 183A | 184M | 185P | 186H | 187O | 188R | 189A | 190E | 191N | 192 | 193 |
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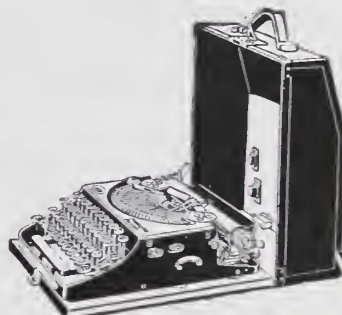
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